DELL JUNIOR TREASURY

NO. 9 10¢

CLEMENTINA the Flying Pig

CLEMENTINA THE FLYING PIG

by OSKAR LEBECK

Without doubt, the most appealing and humorous character Mr. Lebeck ever created in his long career as a writer and illustrator of juvenile books and comics is CLEMENTINA THE FLYING PIG.

Published in book form and illustrated by himself in the late nineteen thirties, Clementina quickly won the hearts of readers young and old. The delightful farmyard fantasy was a dream come true. Nobody was more surprised than little Clementina herself, when awakening in the middle of one night she found that she had suddenly grown a beautiful set of wings.

Clementina has flown into wonderful adventures ever since and we know that she will wing herself into your hearts, because she is that kind of a little pig.

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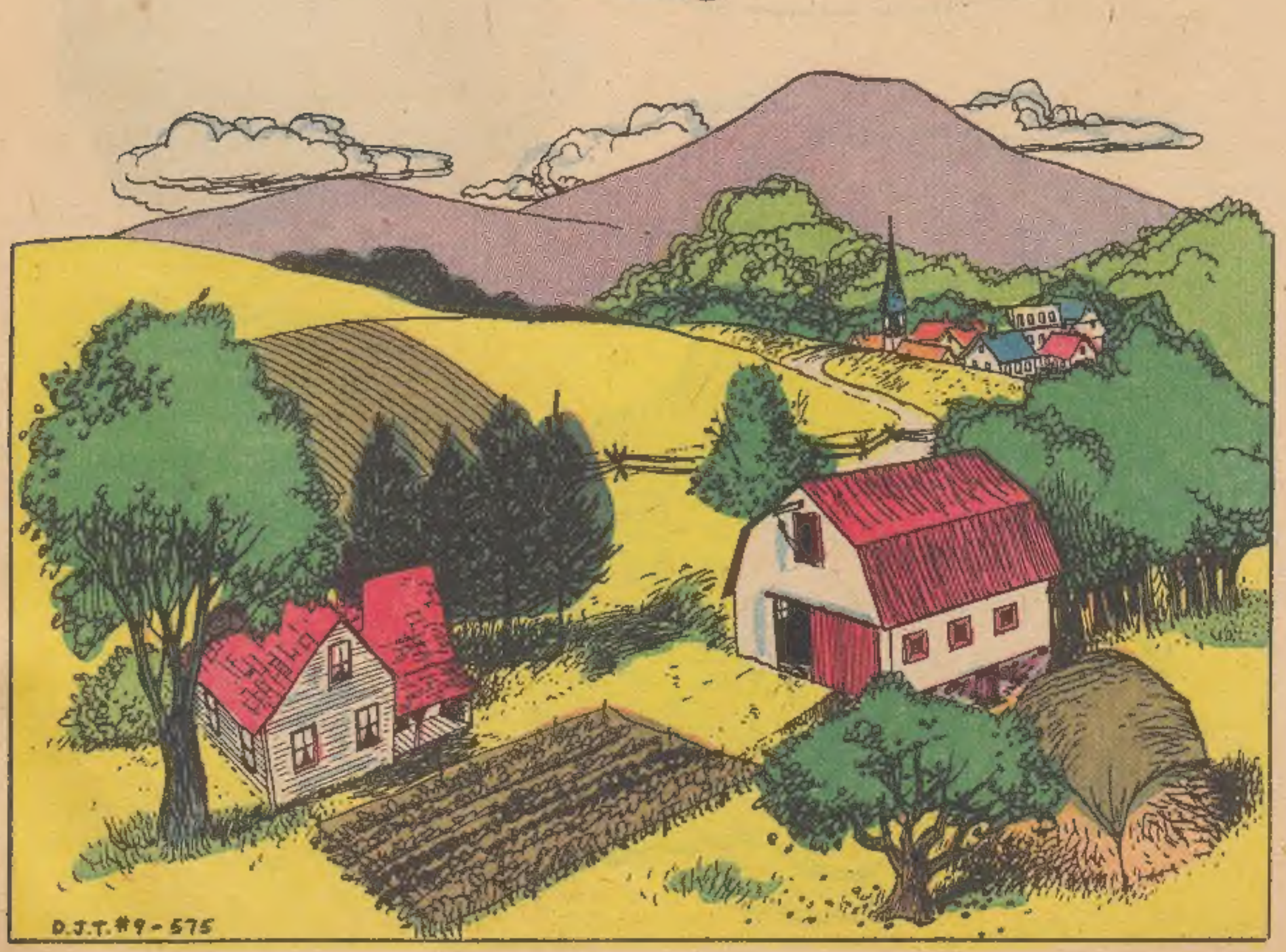
CLEMENTINA
the Flying Pig

I WONDER WHAT THE MOON IS GOING TO LOOK LIKE WHEN—AND IF—I GET THERE.



I HOPE IT'S WORTH ALL THE TROUBLE . . . IT'S AN AWFUL LONG WAY.

THAT CLOUD LOOKS DARK . . . SHALL I FLY AROUND IT . . . OR THROUGH IT?

WRINGING WET! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN . . WHY DIDN'T I FOLLOW THE OLD SAYING . . .

"NEVER FLY THROUGH A DARK CLOUD WITHOUT AN UMBRELLA."

OH DEAR, MY WINGS ARE SO WET . . . I AM LOSING ALTITUDE.

I CAN HARDLY MAKE CLEMENTINA OUT ANYMORE . . . GOSH . . . FLYING TO THE MOON . . . THAT TAKES NERVE!

WONDER WHAT I'LL DO . . . THE DAY'S STILL YOUNG YET . . . HARDLY LUNCHTIME . . . LUNCH! . . . THAT'S AN IDEA.

I'M LIGHT ON MY FEET . . . TRALALA . . . BECAUSE I'M GOIN' TO EAT. . . . TRA-LA-LA . . .

I WONDER WHAT'S IN CLEMENTINA'S ICEBOX? . . . MAYBE SOMETHING THAT WOULD SPOIL WHILE SHE'S AWAY. . ONE HAS TO THINK OF SUCH THINGS. . . .

B.B. = BRAINY BEAR . . . BRIGHT BEAR . . . THAT'S ME!

OO-OO-OOOPS!

AN EAGLE! . . .
AN EAGLE! . . . R-R-RUN
F-FOR Y-YOUR
L-L-LIFE!

I NEVER RUN
AWAY. . . .
BRAVE BEAR . . . BOLD
BEAR . . . THAT'S WHAT
B.B. STANDS FOR.

BESIDES . . .
EAGLES DON'T HARM
STUFFED BEARS. . . .
THAT'S A FACT. . . .
NOW LET ME SEE . . .

OH DEAR! OH
DEAR! I AM GOING
FASTER THAN I'D
LIKE TO. . . .

I DON'T SEE ANY EAGLE . . . IN FACT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING.

I GUESS THIS IS ONE EAGLE WHO DOESN'T KNOW THAT EAGLES DON'T HARM STUFFED BEARS. . . .

I'M NOT REALLY SCARED, B-B-BUT. . . .

I'M SORRY B.B. DID I SCARE YOU?
WHAT, SCARE ME? 'COURSE NOT!

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR? LOST SOMETHING?
MUMBLE MUMBLE
I'M LOOKING FOR EAG— I MEAN WORMS! I THOUGHT MAYBE I WOULD GO FISHING!
OH! I THOUGHT MAYBE I SCARED YOU—
I HEARD YOU WERE GOING TO FLY TO THE MOON, CLEMENTINA!
I WAS, BUT I GOT MY WINGS ALL WET IN A NASTY OLD CLOUD.... PARDON ME....

CUT IT OUT, CLEM! DON'T SHAKE YOURSELF LIKE A DOG....NOW YOU'RE GETTING ME ALL WET TOO!

WHO . . . WHO . . . WHOM ARE YOU CALLING A DOG?

I DIDN'T CALL YOU A DOG. . . . I SAID . . .

YOU DID SO CALL ME A DOG, TEDDY B.B.

AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH BEING A DOG?

WHO SAID THAT?

I DID. MY NAME IS TECKEL. . . HAVE YOU SEEN A DOG WHO LOOKS LIKE ME?

MY TWIN BROTHER. HIS NAME IS DACKEL. I LOST HIM . I'VE BEEN RUNNING AROUND FOR HOURS TRYING TO FIND HIM.

IS IS THERE ANOTHER ONE?

POOR DOGGIE . . . YOU'VE WORN OFF YOUR FEET TO ALMOST NOTHING

SHUSH, CLEMENTINA. HE'S A DACHSHUND! THEY'RE BORN THAT WAY .

OH I THINK SMALL FEET ARE VERY BECOMING! AREN'T THEY CUTE. .

WE'LL HELP YOU FIND YOUR LOST BROTHER TECKEL!

DACKEL, YOU MEAN! *MY* NAME IS TECKEL.

IF HE'S YOUR TWIN, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

MY WINGS ARE ALMOST DRY. . . . I'LL SCOUT FROM THE AIR!

ALL RIGHT, CLEMENTINA, BUT KEEP WITHIN SHOUTING DISTANCE!

HEY! NOT SO FAST! WE'RE SUPPOSED TO SEARCH, NOT RUN A RACE!

NOT A SIGN OF YOUR BROTHER ANYWHERE .... GOSH, AM I HUNGRY!

I THOUGHT FOR A MOMENT I'D FOUND YOUR BROTHER, BUT IT TURNED OUT TO BE PINKY RUNNING LIKE MAD!

HERE COMES CLEMENTINA! MAYBE SHE ..

WHO'S PINKY?

BERNARD P. RABBIT, A GOOD FRIEND OF OURS! THE "P" STANDS FOR PINKY.

LOOK, THERE HE IS RUNNING TOWARDS US.

MY, HE LOOKS SCARED. HERE WE ARE PINKY!

PINKY, WHATEVER IS THE MATTER?
MY HOUSE! IT'S HAUNTED! ! ! THERE'S A GHOST IN IT! ! !
YOU'RE MY FRIENDS. . . . YOU MUST HELP ME. TEDDY, YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF GHOSTS. . . . YOU TOLD ME B.B. STANDS FOR BRAVE BEAR—YOU MUST HELP ME.
NONSENSE, PINKY! THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!

OH NO? THEN WHO WAS MAKING ALL THOSE AWFUL NOISES WHEN I WAS FIXING LUNCH?

LUNCH IS LUNCH WITH OR WITHOUT AWFUL NOISES! COME ON LET'S GO

MEET TECKEL. THE DACHSHUND. WE'RE HELPING HIM FIND HIS BROTHER DACKEL.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, TECKEL! A FRIEND OF B.B. IS A FRIEND OF MINE!

I BET IT WAS A NOISE THROUGH YOUR CHIMNEY THAT SCARED YOU, PINKY!

ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH LUNCH FOR ALL OF US? MAYBE WE SHOULD SPLIT UP.

THERE'S ENOUGH FOR ALL OF US!

WELL, HERE WE ARE. IF YOU ASK ME, IT LOOKS *GHASTLY*, NOT GHOSTLY. I'D CATCH MY DEATH OF RHEUMATISM IN A HOUSE THAT'S UNDERGROUND!

DON'T LISTEN TO CLEMENTINA, PINKY. I THINK IT'S A FINE HOUSE AS LONG AS IT HAS A KITCHEN

Second P (Pinky) Rabbit

AND FOR WHOM ARE YOU PULLING THE BELL, MAY I ASK, MADAM?

OH, THAT'S RIGHT—PINKY ISN'T AT HOME! I FORGOT.

BERNARD P. (PINKY) RABBIT

I LEFT THE DOOR UNLOCKED, CLEMENTINA.

AS ADDLED AS A PIG CAN BE. . . . BUT SHE MEANS WELL!

I UNDERSTAND, TECKEL. WE'LL JOIN YOU AFTER LUNCH.

WHILE YOU ARE HAVING LUNCH I'LL KEEP LOOKING FOR MY BROTHER. HUNGRY AS I AM, I JUST COULDN'T EAT RIGHT NOW!

YOU FIRST B.B. YOU ARE THE BRAVE BEAR!

ARR-HUM. A-AREN'T L-LADIES S-SUPPOSED TO G-GO FIRST?

GO AHEAD BOLD BEAR . . . BRAVE BEAR BRAGGING BEAR!

JUST TEDDY'S HEART POUNDING, THAT'S ALL.

CAN YOU HEAR ANYTHING YET?

I DON'T HEAR ANY AWFUL NOISES, DO YOU, CLEMENTINA?

'COURSE NOT! I TOLD YOU THERE'S NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!

ALL RIGHT THEN, LET'S HAVE LUNCH! I'M STARVED!

YOU BOYS DO THE FIXING! I'M TOO TIRED.

IS THAT ALL THE FOOD YOU'VE GOT, PINKY?

THERE'S MORE IN THE BIN IN THE NEW BACK CORRIDOR, B.B.

I HOPE HE'S GOT A JAR OF HONEY FOR DESSERT—OR MAYBE TWO JARS!

WHOO-OOO-EEE-EEE-OO-EEEE-OOOO-OOOOHH!

EE-EAHH-WHHOO-OOO-OOOOOOOOH!
GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT'S THAT????
THE GHOST HAS B.B., THAT'S WHAT! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE OUR LIVES AND RUN!
POOR TEDDY B.B.! HE WAS SUCH A NICE BEAR.

HEY! WAIT FOR ME! OO-OOPS!
PINKY, GIVE ME A BIG HUNK OF WOOD, QUICK!
BERNARD (Pinky) RABBIT
YOU HAVE A GHOST IN YOUR HOUSE, PINKY—AND IT BETTER STAY IN THERE!

HE'S GOT BIG FIERY EYES. . . . AND HE GOES WHOO-OO-EEYA-WHOO-OOOOOH, LIKE THIS!

I FOUND MY BROTHER!

I FOUND DACKEL! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO COME WITH ME AND HELP ME WITH HIM!

WHAT ABOUT THE GHOST IN MY HOUSE?

WHAT'S THE MATTER? IS HE HURT?

YOU CAN STAY WITH ME, PINKY, TILL YOU BUILD YOURSELF A NEW ONE.

THAT'S ALL THAT'S LEFT OF YOUR POOR BROTHER TECKEL, I MEAN DACKEL, TECKEL?

'COURSE NOT. THE REST OF HIM IS STUCK UNDERGROUND. HE MUST'VE TRIED TO CRAWL INTO A HOLE THAT WAS TOO SMALL FOR HIM.

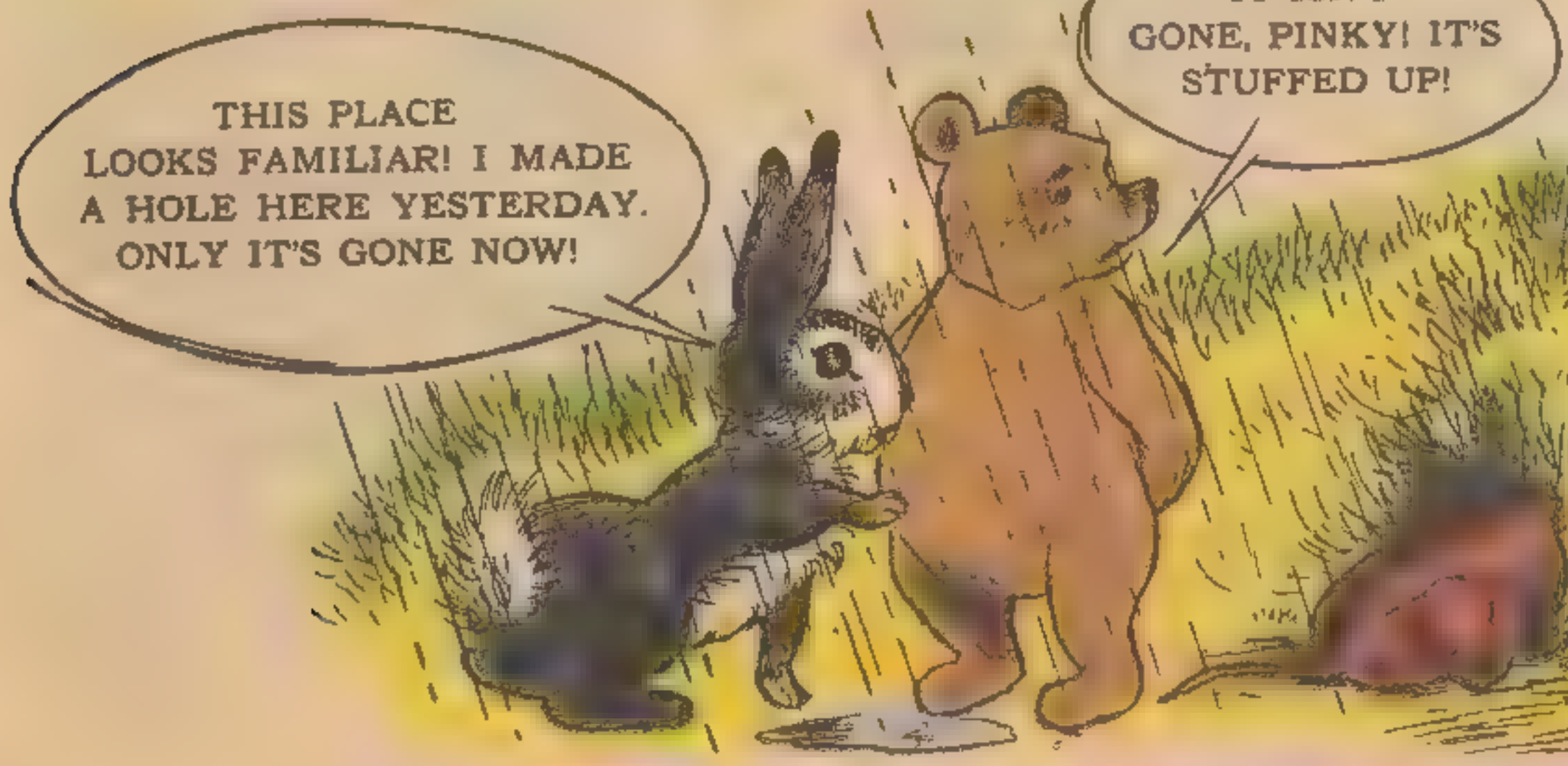
MAYBE IF WE ALL PULL TOGETHER WE CAN GET HIM OUT.

IT'S GETTING DARK . . . I THINK THERE'S GOING TO BE A STORM.

WHEN I SAY HEAVE-HO . . . WE ALL PULL. ALL SET?

HEAVE-HO! ! !
CRA-BOOM! ! !

MY PAWS SLIPPED . . . LET'S TRY AGAIN!


THIS PLACE LOOKS FAMILIAR! I MADE A HOLE HERE YESTERDAY. ONLY IT'S GONE NOW!
IT ISN'T GONE, PINKY! IT'S STUFFED UP!

CRASH BOOM!

INTO PINKY'S HOUSE, QUICK, BEFORE WE'RE ALL HIT BY LIGHTNING!

B-B-BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GHOST?

I'D RATHER BE SCARED TO DEATH BY A GHOST THAN KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

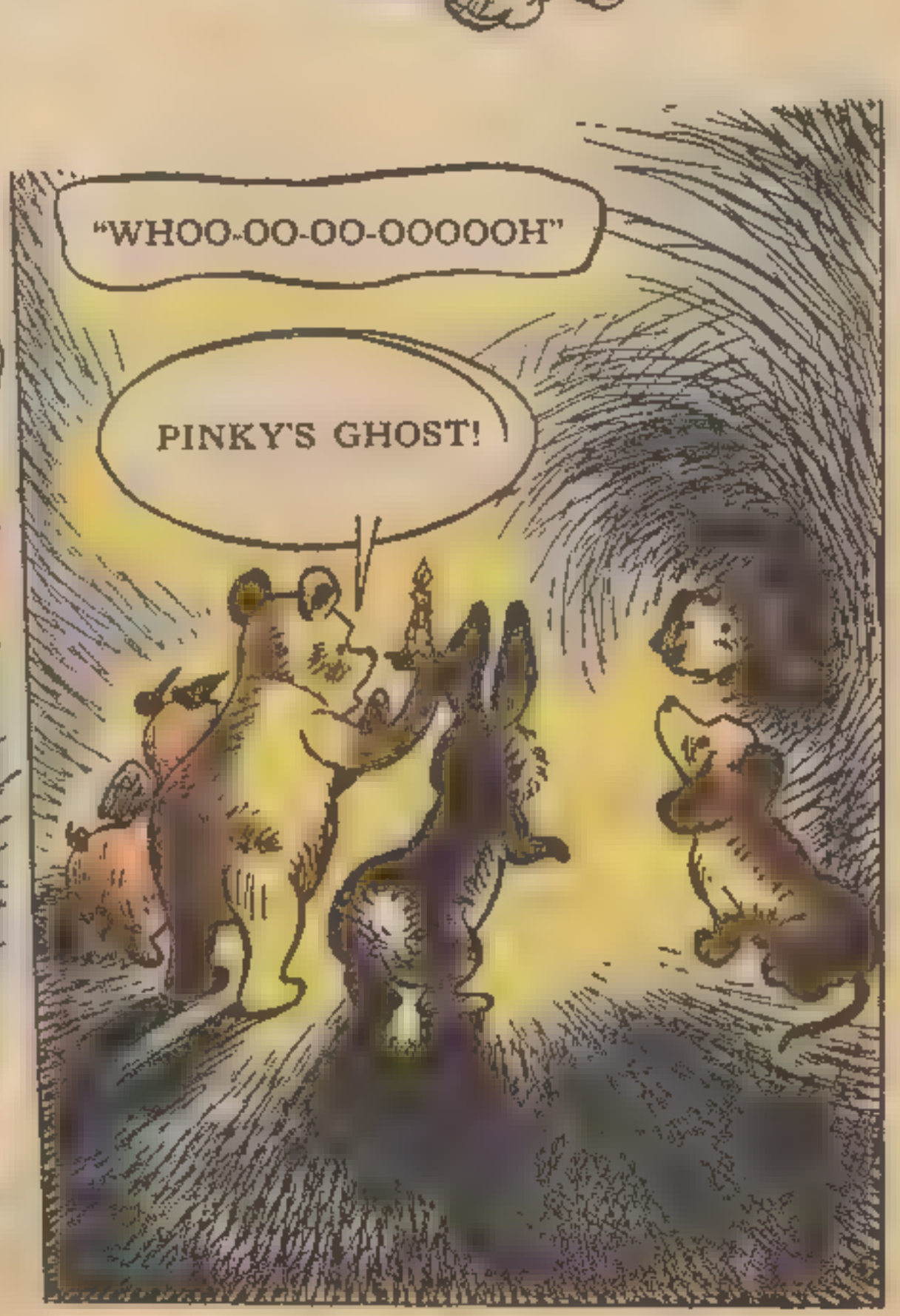
ABOUT THAT HOLE, B.B. I HAVE IT FIGURED OUT! IF .

NOT NOW, PINKY—TELL ME LATER!

CRA — BOOM
WHOO OO EAHWHOO OOOOOH

THAT VOICE— THAT'S MY BROTHER!!!

ABOUT THAT HOLE AND THE . .
SH-SH, NOT NOW!


"WHOO-OO-OO-OOOOOH"
PINKY'S GHOST!

I WAS TRYING TO TELL YOU, TEDDY, I HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT! THE HOLE DACKEL'S TAIL WAS STICKING OUT OF WAS THE ONE I DUG YESTERDAY TO VENTILATE, MY BACK TUNNEL!

SO?

SO WHAT WAS HE DOING CRAWLING INTO MY TUNNEL?

WELL, PINKY, DON'T ASK HIM! I BET HE IS SORRY HE EVER THOUGHT OF IT WHATEVER IT WAS.

WE'LL GET SOME SHOVELS FROM PINKY'S TOOL SHED AND DIG HIM OUT FROM THE OTHER END!

HELP ME OUT OF HERE, PLEASE.

WE CAN'T PULL YOU IN HERE, BROTHER! IF WE TRIED, WE MIGHT PULL YOUR HEAD OFF!

WHAT? AND SPOIL MY NEW VENTILATOR?

IF WE LEAVE HIM STUCK IN IT HE'LL SPOIL YOUR VENTILATION PINKY.

IT'S STILL RAINING TOO HARD! WE'VE GOT TO WAIT. I KNOW WHAT TO DO—HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT AND GET OUR STRENGTH BACK!

MY POOR BROTHER!

POOR BROTHER NOTHING—MY POOR VENTILATOR! YOUR BROTHER IS AS DRY AS A CORK IN A BOTTLE!

CAN I BORROW YOUR UMBRELLA PINKY?

WHY DOES CLEMENTINA FEEL LIKE WALKING IN THE RAIN? . . . OH, WELL, LET'S FIX THE LUNCH, PINKY!

LET'S EAT IN YOUR BACK CORRIDOR AND KEEP OUR POOR VISITOR COMPANY!

YOU ARE VERY THOUGHTFUL, TEDDY B B.!

HARRUMPH!

AN EXCELLENT LUNCH, PINKY!

HARRUMPH!

WE FIXED A PLATE FOR YOU, CLEMENTINA! WHY, YOU ARE DRENCHED!

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Dell Junior Treasury published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1956.

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2. The owner is, Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1956.

JOHN C. WEBER

(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 30, 1958)

ROW, BEETLE, ROW YOUR BOAT

A little bug whose name was Harry
Fell into an estuary.*

Harry's partly air-filled shell
Made him float extremely well.
Also helping in his fix
Were his feet. Harry had six.
Like a rowboat paddled Harry,
Clear across the estuary.

Harry was not only plucky,
He was also very lucky
That the fish who saw him row
Came not up, but stayed below,
Thought he was a rowboat too,
Or some sort of a canoe.

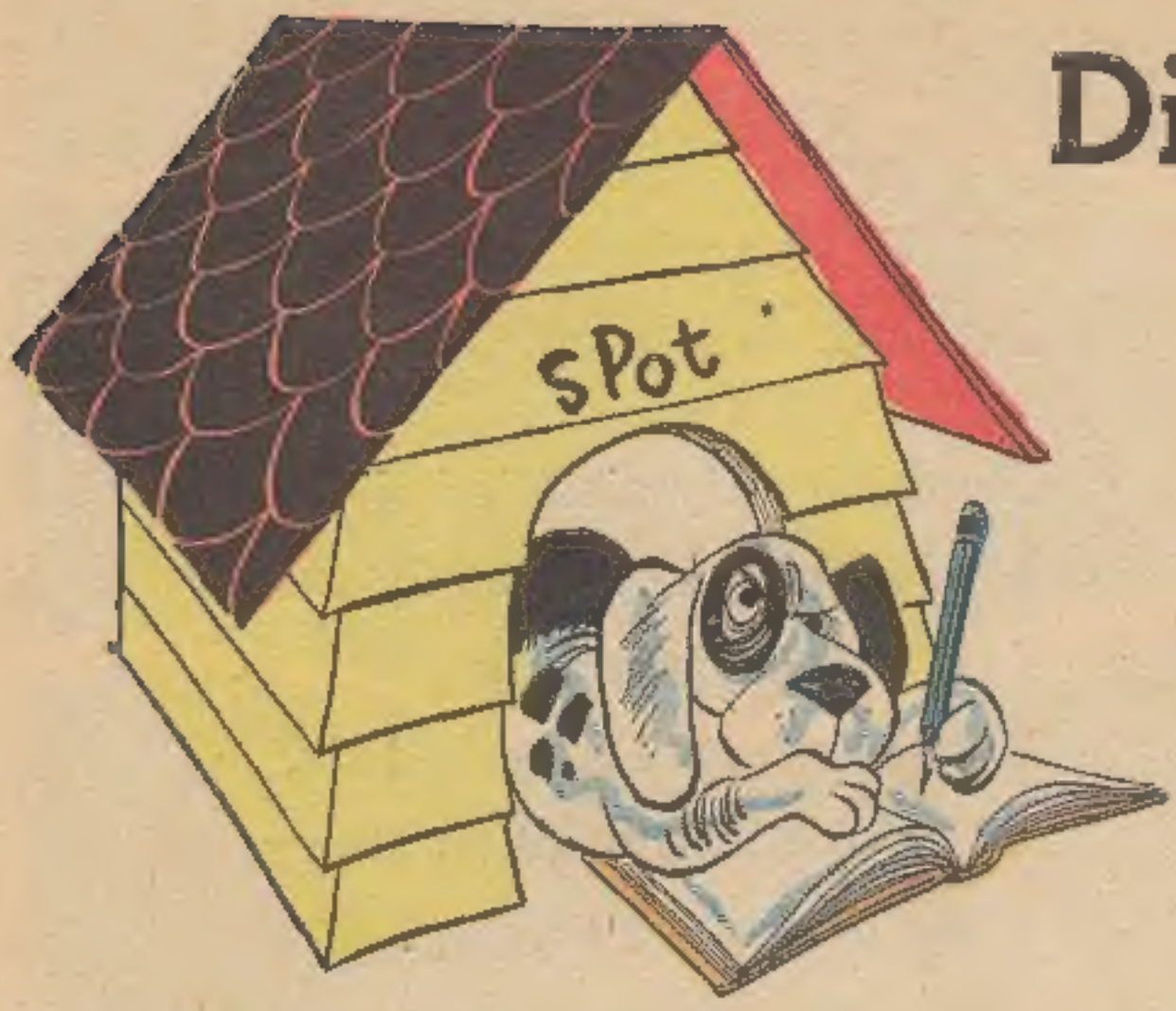
At last a very tired Harry
Climbed out of the estuary,
Looked around until he found
A hole to lead him underground.

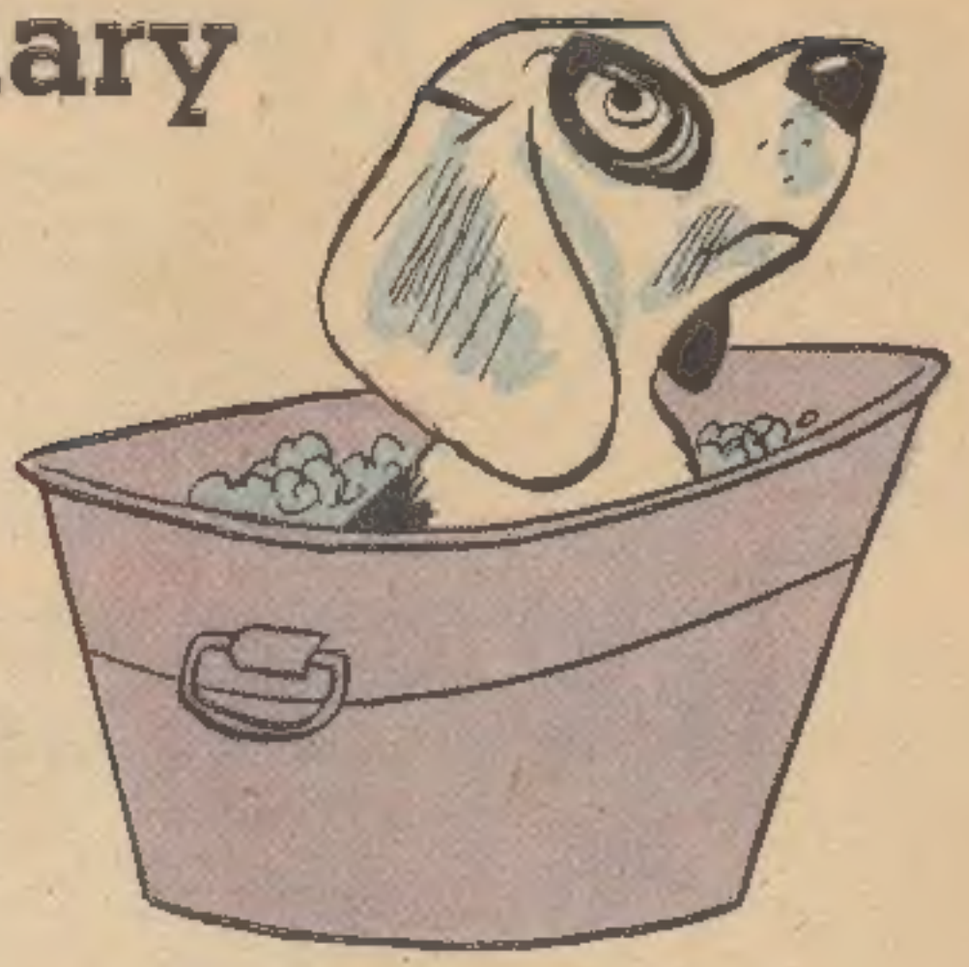
Harry, (this we like to note),
Never knew he'd been afloat,
Nor mistaken for a boat.

O. Lebeck

* An estuary, in case you don't know, is the Mouth of the river where the tide waters flow.

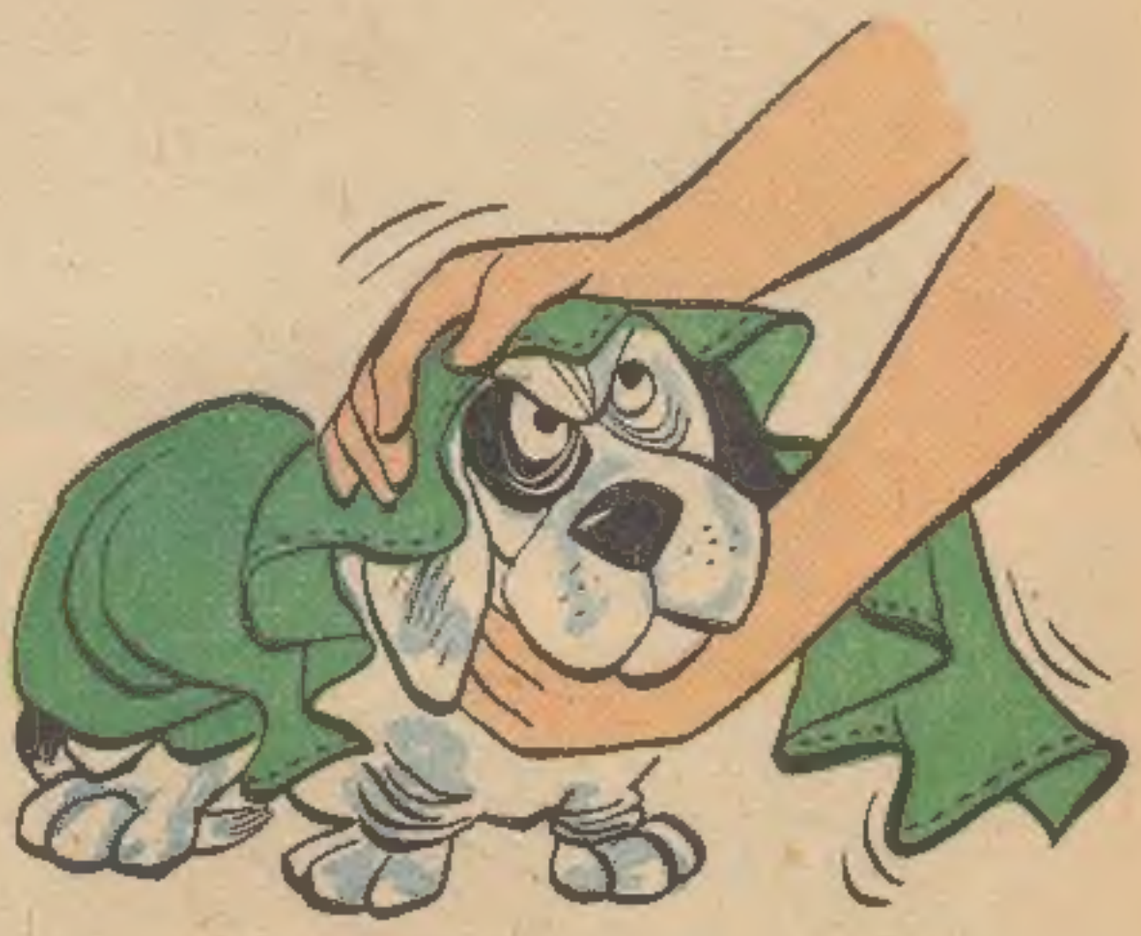
Spot's Diary





Dear Diary, Today was another day everything went wrong. Again that old yellow bus came along in the morning and took my master Bobby to that place called school. With Bobby gone, I scratched my head trying to figure out what to do with myself.

You know what happened? That woman Bobby calls "Ma" came and took me by the neck. "FLEAS!" Bobby's mother said and put me in a tub of water and started scrubbing me with some terrible-smelling stuff that was all foamy and got in my eyes and nose.



I got away in time before she rubbed all my hair off. Then I rolled myself out in the yard to get rid of that horrible smell. Then I went to meet Bobby. I could see right away he'd been rolling in somebody's yard, too.

He looked fine to me . . . but you should've heard Ma! She took both of us and hustled us into the house. Then she put Bobby in a big tub and scrubbed HIM. And would you believe it? She started all over with me AGAIN! Dear Diary, I wish you could smell me. I DON'T SMELL LIKE A DOG AT ALL!

Clementina's Friends